

Vol. 2

No. 7

NOVEMBER 26, 1946

OF
FUN &
FACTS

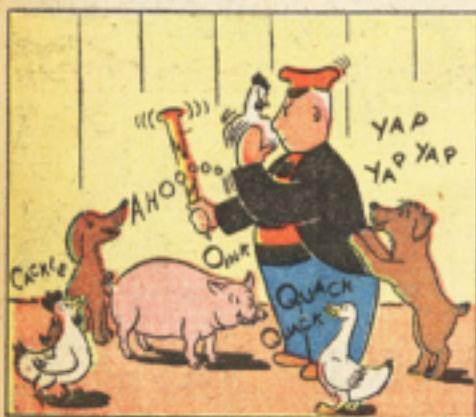
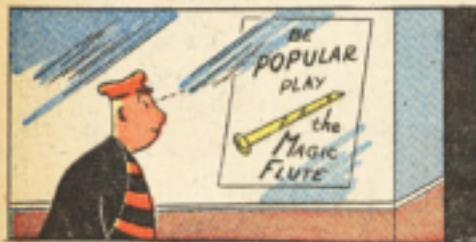
TREASURE CHEST



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OTTO



TREASURE CHEST of FUN and FACTS, Vol. 2, No. 7. Published every two weeks during the school year, except during the holidays, by Geo. A. Pfeum, Publisher, Inc., 124 East Third St., Dayton, 2, Ohio. Entered as second-class matter March 7, 1946 at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single subscription: \$1.50 per year, \$2.00 in Canada. Subscription rates on quantity orders supplied on request. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright, 1946, by Geo. A. Pfeum, Publisher, Inc. Also publisher of the YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER, the JUNIOR CATHOLIC MESSENGER and OUR LITTLE MESSENGER.

A Turkey for Makepeace Potter

by VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS

IN THE YEAR 1631, IN THE LITTLE SETTLEMENT OF PLYMOUTH, AFTER THE LAST CROPS HAD BEEN GATHERED, THE POTTER FAMILY PLANNED TO CELEBRATE GOD'S GOODNESS IN A FEAST OF THANKSGIVING WITH ROAST WILD TURKEY AND CORN PUDDING.

MAKEPEACE, TODAY I MUST MAKE BAYBERRY DIP CANDLES FOR OUR FEAST.

I'LL GATHER CHESNUTS FOR DRESSING.

I'LL HELP.



IF I HAD A GUN I'D SHOOT THAT RABBIT.

OH NO! THE POOR THING IS SCARED! BUT NOT OF US.



THAT FAWN IS SCARED TOO!

OH! MAYBE A BEAR IS AFTER HIM!



AND THEN SUDENLY—

OH! THAT'S NOT A BEAR! IT'S AN INDIAN! NOW I'M SCARED!

QUICK! PIETY, RUN FOR HOME!



THE CHILDREN RAN WILDLY.

FATHER! HELP! INDIANS!

RUN! FASTER!



TREASURE CHEST

THERE WAS A SHARP ZINGING SOUND, AND-



MAKEPEACE TRIED TO RUN FASTER - AND STUMPLED!



THEN A FIGURE LEAPED FROM THE BUSHES -



MAKEPEACE HAD TO HELP THE SQUAWS.



MAKEPEACE WAS HOMESICK.
OFTEN HE STOPPED TO
SMILE AT A LITTLE
PAPOOSE IN A TREE.



A HARD WIND SNAPPED THE BRANCH FROM THE TREE.



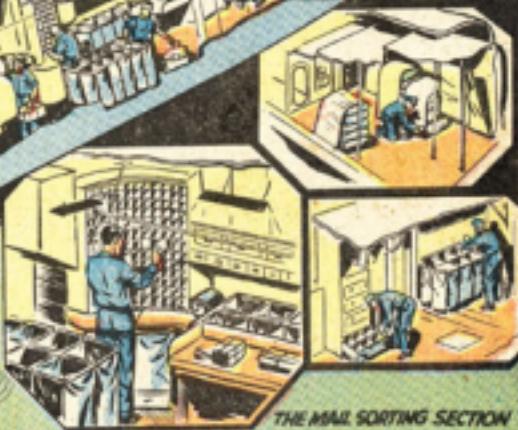


PLANE TALK

BY CAPT. CASS GORLEY

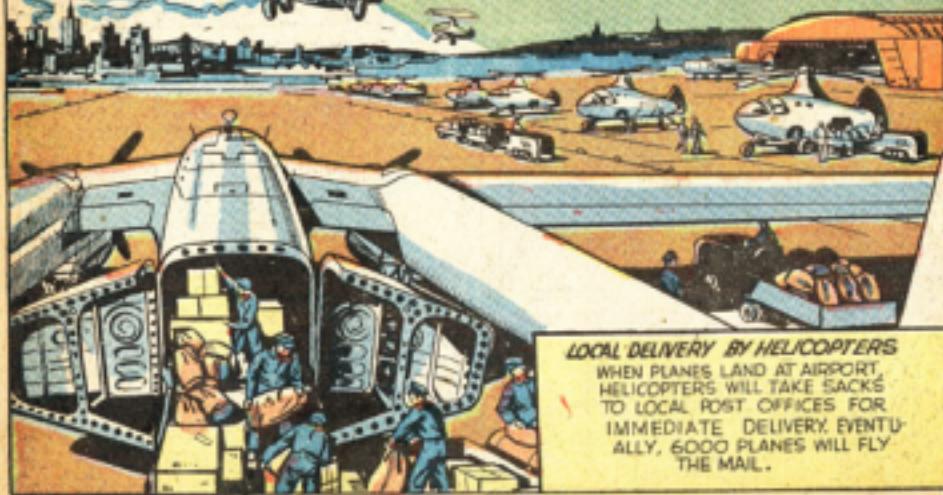
FLYING MAIL CAR

IN A FEW YEARS ALL MAIL WILL TRAVEL BY AIR ACCORDING TO POSTAL AUTHORITIES. THIS DRAWING SHOWS THE CHANGE FROM A WAR CARGO PLANE TO A MODERN MAIL PLANE. BIG SHIPS LIKE THIS WILL MAKE SAME DAY DELIVERY OF MAIL ACROSS THE COUNTRY.



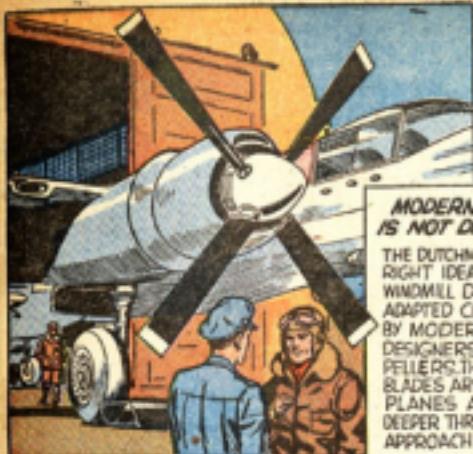
THE MAIL SORTING SECTION

POSTAL CLERKS WILL SORT MAIL EN ROUTE AND HAVE SACKS READY FOR DELIVERY AS SOON AS PLANE LANDS. RATES WILL NOT BE HIGHER, SAY POSTAL OFFICIALS.



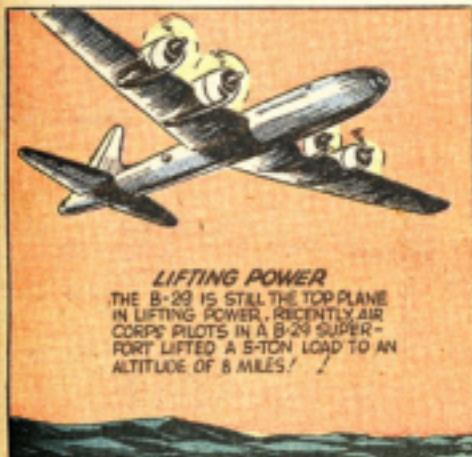
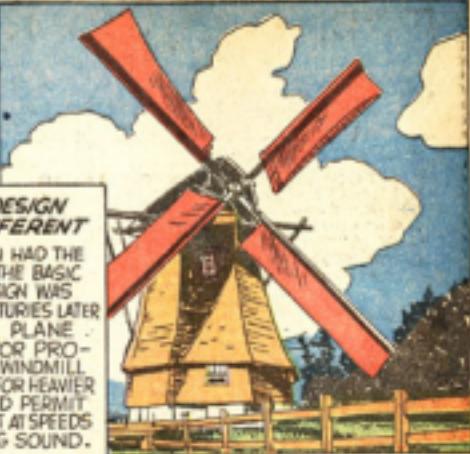
LOCAL DELIVERY BY HELICOPTERS

WHEN PLANES LAND AT AIRPORT, HELICOPTERS WILL TAKE SACKS TO LOCAL POST OFFICES FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY. EVENTUALLY, 6000 PLANES WILL FLY THE MAIL.



**MODERN DESIGN
IS NOT DIFFERENT**

THE DUTCHMEN HAD THE RIGHT IDEA. THE BASIC WINDMILL DESIGN WAS ADAPTED CENTURIES LATER BY MODERN PLANE DESIGNERS FOR PROPELLERS. THE WINDMILL BLADES ARE FOR HEAVIER PLANES AND PERMIT DEEPER THRUST AT SPEEDS APPROACHING SOUND.



LIFTING POWER

THE B-29 IS STILL THE TOP PLANE IN LIFTING POWER. RECENTLY AIR CORPS PILOTS IN A B-29 SUPERFORT LIFTED A 5-TON LOAD TO AN ALTITUDE OF 8 MILES!



SWEEPBACK WING

NEW P-63, WITH DYNAMIC SWEEPBACK WING, WILL ENABLE PLANE TO FLY AT NEAR SUPERSONIC SPEEDS. DESIGN WILL PREVENT WING SHOCK AT SOUND SPEEDS, EXPERTS HOPE.



GIRL PILOT

THE ONLY GIRL PERMITTED TO START OR FLY THE COMPLICATED GUNMAN P-6F IS 23-YEAR OLD DOLLY HEBERLING AT PORT COLUMBUS, OHIO.



AERIAL DOGS

DOGS WILL FLY ACROSS COUNTRY. ST. BERNARDS FLEW RECENTLY FROM NEW YORK TO CALIFORNIA. THEY ARE GOOD Fliers, TOO.

WILLIE BROWN THE CLOWN.

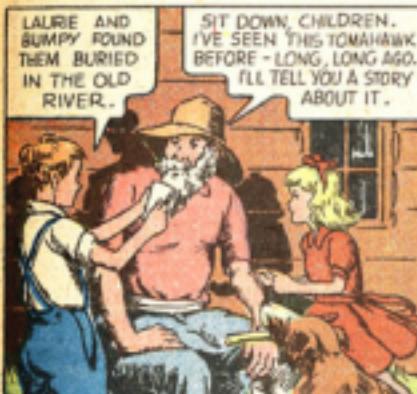


THE OLD TRAVELER

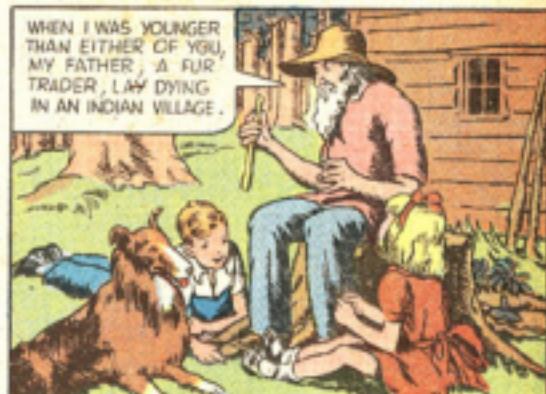
By MARION T. MOODY



KERRY, LAURIE, AND BUMPY, THE COLLIE, SPEND ALL THEIR SUMMER DAYS AT THE RIVER. CLOSE BY, AN OLD MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE TRAVELER LIVES ALONE IN A CABIN.



SIT DOWN, CHILDREN. I'VE SEEN THIS TOMAHAWK BEFORE - LONG, LONG AGO. I'LL TELL YOU A STORY ABOUT IT.



WHEN I WAS YOUNGER THAN EITHER OF YOU, MY FATHER, A FUR TRADER, LAY DYING IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.



HE SHALL BE MY SON UNTIL HE GROWS STRONG AND BRAVE, THEN HE SHALL RETURN TO HIS OWN PEOPLE.
I'M BEYOND ALL HELP.
TAKE CARE OF JACK.



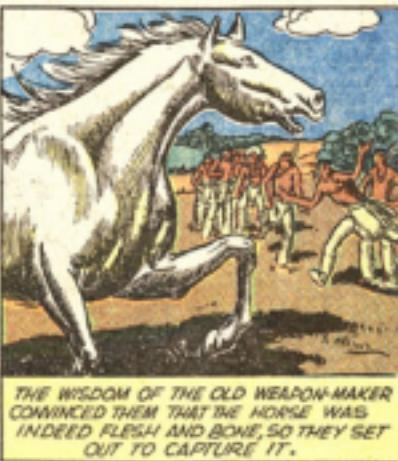
WHEN YOU ARE A LITTLE OLDER, SON, I SHALL MAKE YOU THE FINEST TOMAHAWK.
FOR MANY MOONS, THE WHITE BOY FOUND THE CAMP A LONELY PLACE. THE INDIAN BOYS WERE SHY OF HIM. ONLY THE OLD WEAPON-MAKER SEEMED HIS FRIEND.



THE OLD WEAPON-MAKER KEPT HIS PROMISE. HE GAVE JACK THE TOMAHAWK ON THE DAY OF THE HARVEST FESTIVAL. ANOTHER TRIBE JOINED THE BIG HUNT.

THE SON OF WASUMSETT COULD NOT KEEP HIS EYES OFF THE TOMAHAWK. ONLY A STRANGE PECE OF NEWS SAVED IT FOR JACK.

INTO THE VALLEY THERE HAS COME A STRANGE THING, A HORSE LARGE AND WHITE, A HUGE PHANTOM HORSE.



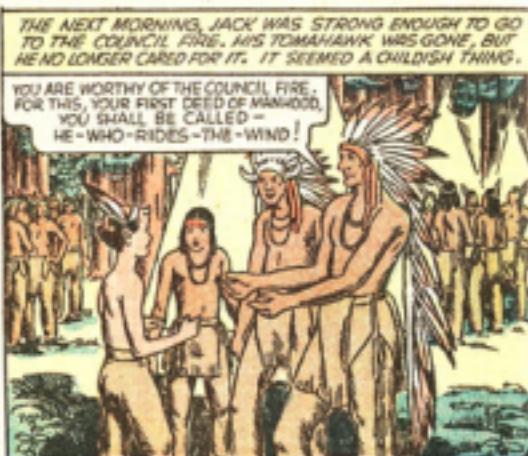
THAT NIGHT, HOWEVER, THE BRAVES, DISCOURAGED BECAUSE THEY HAD FAILED TO CAPTURE THE HORSE, AGREED WITH THE MEDICINE MAN—IT WAS A SORRY BUT TATOOK, THE SON OF WASUMSETT -----







THE CURRENT BECAME STRONGER. JACK COULD SCARCELY KEEP HIS HEAD ABOVE THE RAPID WATER.



APPLE INTO TURKEY

FUN FOR THE THANKSGIVING DINNER TABLE

IN A LARGE APPLE CUT DEEP SLOTS WITH A PENKNIFE, AS SHOWN IN THE DIAGRAM AT UPPER RIGHT. MOUNT THE EIGHT PARTS ON STIFF PAPER. (OR TRACE AND COLOR THEM). THEN CUT THEM OUT.



UP & ATOM

DR. ATOM, CAN YOU SEE THROUGH YOUR RIGHT HAND?

NO, I CANNOT.

YES, YOU CAN. HERE'S HOW. TAKE A PIECE OF PAPER AND ROLL IT INTO A TUBE.

I'VE DONE THAT.

HOLD THE TUBE WITH YOUR LEFT HAND AND PLACE IT IN FRONT OF YOUR LEFT EYE.

HOW ABOUT MY RIGHT HAND?

PLACE YOUR RIGHT HAND AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE TUBE. NOW LOOK WITH BOTH EYES AT SOMETHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

HEY! IT SEEMS AS THOUGH I AM LOOKING THROUGH MY RIGHT HAND.

IT'S AN OPTICAL ILLUSION. WE BOTH KNOW THAT YOU REALLY ARE NOT LOOKING THROUGH YOUR RIGHT HAND.

IT'S FUN NEVER-THLESS.

WHENEVER WE LOOK AT ANYTHING, EACH EYE GETS A SEPARATE PICTURE. OUR BRAIN COMBINES THESE TWO PICTURES.

IN THIS STUNT, OUR LEFT EYE GETS A PICTURE OF THE OPENING IN THE PAPER TUBE, AND OUR RIGHT EYE GETS A PICTURE OF A HAND. OUR BRAIN COMBINES THESE TWO PICTURES BY PLACING ONE ON TOP OF THE OTHER. THIS IS HOW IT SEEMS AS IF A PERSON WERE LOOKING THROUGH A HOLE IN HIS HAND.

YES, HERE'S ANOTHER. FIRST LOOK AT A DISTANT OBJECT.

DO YOU KNOW ANY MORE OPTICAL ILLUSIONS?



TOUCH YOUR INDEX FINGERS TOGETHER AT ARMS LENGTH IN FRONT OF YOUR EYES. KEEP LOOKING AT THE SKY AND DON'T LOOK AT YOUR FINGERS.

I DON'T SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL.

TRY IT AGAIN. MAKE SURE THAT YOU KEEP LOOKING AT THE SKY ALL THE TIME. DON'T SHIFT YOUR GAZE TO YOUR FINGERS.

OH, NOW I GET IT! HA, HA, HA. I SEE A LITTLE SAUSAGE BETWEEN MY FINGERS.

WHAT ATOM SEES

THEY'RE LOADS OF FUN.

WE HOPE THAT ALL OUR FRIENDS WHO READ TREASURE CHEST WILL TRY THESE OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

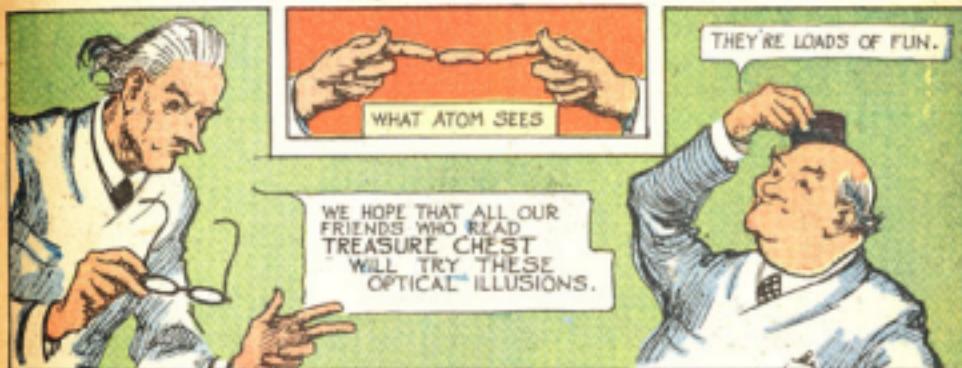
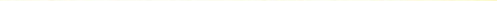
CURVED MIRRORS PRODUCE OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

LOOK! I'M UPSIDE DOWN.

IT'S ALL DONE WITH MIRRORS.

MAGICIANS USE OPTICAL ILLUSIONS IN MANY OF THEIR TRICKS.

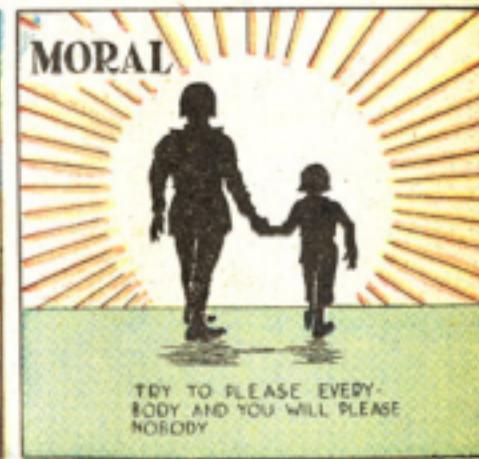
THIS IS ANOTHER OPTICAL ILLUSION--BUT I WISH THAT IT WERE REAL.



THE MAN, THE BOY, AND THE DONKEY

An Aesop Fable





ANIMALANTICS



IT IS NOT THE RED COLOR THAT EXCITES THE BULL.
LIKE MOST ANIMALS, HE IS COLOR-BLIND AND DOES NOT DISTINGUISH COLORS.
IT IS THE MOVEMENT THAT MAKES HIM CHARGE.



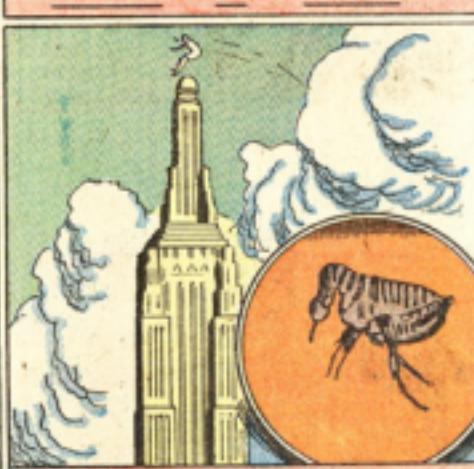
IT IS NOT TRUE THAT THE ELEPHANT IS AFRAID OF A MOUSE.



SOME CREATURES (CERTAIN INSECTS) LIVE BUT A SINGLE DAY. THE GIANT GALAPAGOS TORTOISES IN THE BRONX ZOO ARE ABOUT 300 YEARS OLD. THEY WEIGH 400 POUNDS.



THE "PRAYING MANTIS" IS THE ONLY INSECT OF THE MORE THAN 400,000 KNOWN SPECIES THAT CAN TURN ITS HEAD AND LOOK OVER ITS SHOULDER.



THE RECORD FOR THE STANDING HIGH JUMP IS 5 FT.-5 IN. IF A MAN COULD JUMP LIKE A FLEA IN PROPORTION TO HIS SIZE HE MIGHT EASILY CLEAR THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

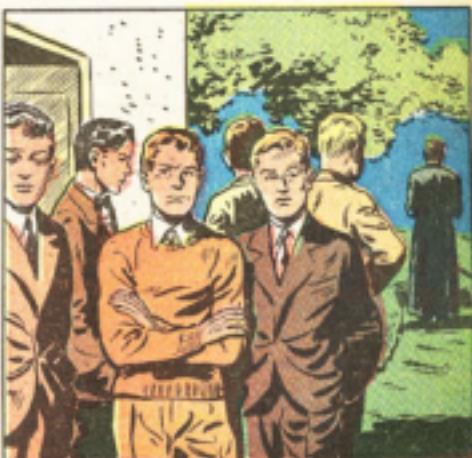
CHUCK WHITE

PART
13

DESPITE THE WARNING OF FATHER CARROLL AND JOE KELLY TO WATCH HIS TEMPER, CHUCK HAD SLUGGED A BEIMONT PLAYER IN THE FINAL BIG GAME OF THE SEASON AND BROUGHT DEFEAT TO ST. JOHN'S.

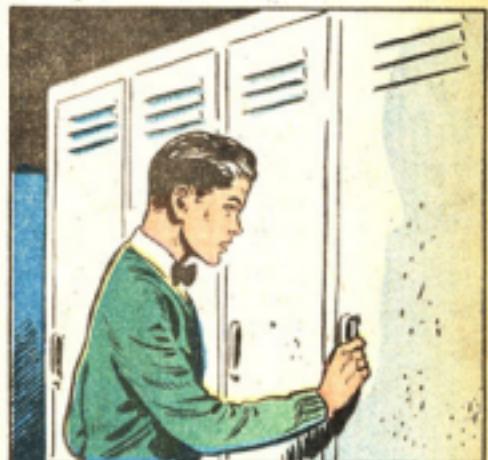
CAN YOU BEAT THAT?
WE HAD THAT GAME WON
AND LOOK WHAT
HAPPENS!

IT JUST GOES TO
SHOW YOU. I KNEW
SOMETHING LIKE THAT
WAS GOING TO . . .



TREASURE CHEST

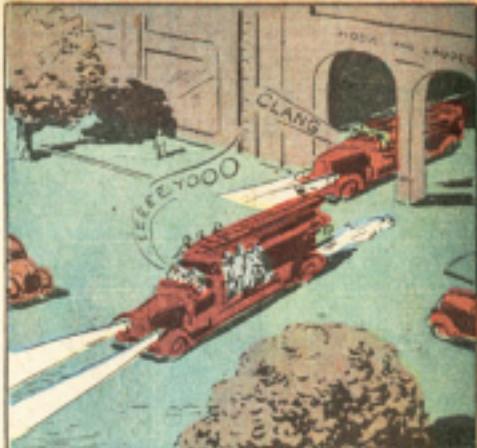












TREASURE CHEST



Puzzle & Game Page

By Jules Leopold

ACROSS

- Stamp or die
- United States of America
- Rabbit
- The priest, through Christ, has the power to forgive
- Prefix, "three"
- A sharp stem
- Tie
- Small, crawling animal
- Synonym for "courteousness" one of the capital sins
- Water handles
- Angel
- His Serene Highness
- Rabbit
- Another name for Calvary
- Body of water
- River in Switzerland
- Lubricated
- Boathouse
- Canvas shelter
- On or within ship
- Another
- A larger organization
- Abbey?
- To make face
- To part
- Cry of a sheep
- Male sheep
- Inventor of the telegraph
- The three Divine Persons who are called the Trinity
- Rear of an airplane
- Animal
- Also
- Industrial insect
- Otherwise
- Suffia, "moat"
- Fail to win

DOWN

- English school
- Hought
- Where Christ descended after He died
- Girl's name
- Jesus is the — of all
- Not together
- Used on foot for gliding over snow
- Unit of linear measure
- Plural of "no"
- Saint
- Week
- Son and successor of Solomon
- Commits the sin of calumny
- To hinder speech
- Anglo-Indian Organization
- Boat
- Male nickname
- Female sheep
- The Piazza del — joins the Basilica of St. John Lateran in Rome.
- Epoch
- Well-known insecticide
- Plural ending for words that end in y, preceded by a consonant
- Atmosphere
- Gems carved in relief

ANAGRAMS

Have you ever played the game of Anagrams? If so, you know that all you have to do is rearrange scrambled letters to form a word. Also, a player can "capture" another's word when he is able to add one or more letters to it and, by rearranging, from another word.

Example: If your opponent had the word CORD, you could "capture" it with a W, to form the new word, CROWD.

Now see what you can do with the five combinations below. Remember, you must rearrange the letters of each to form a new word. We warn you that these are really tough. Far for solving all five is two hours!

Make the following "captures":

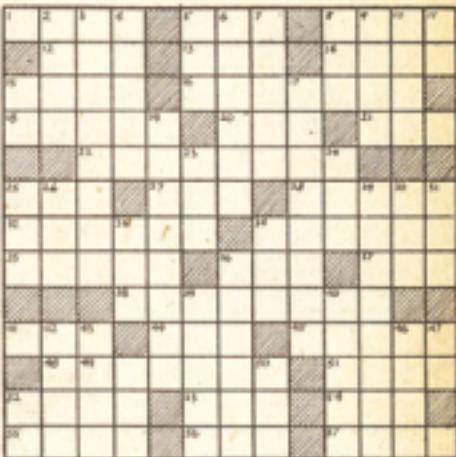
- DREAM with I
- CARDS with E
- ATONES with R
- THINK with G
- NOTICES with A

MATCH PROBLEM



Set up 20 matches as shown, to form 7 squares.

Now—can you, by shifting the position of 3 matches, change this into a figure consisting of only 5 squares, each square of the same size as shown? All 20 matches must be utilized.

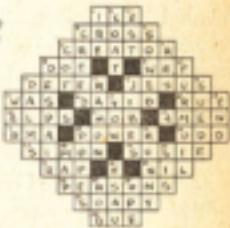


SOLUTIONS TO THE PUZZLES THAT APPEARED IN THE LAST ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST.

SUM DIGGING

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47251

10342853



ALPHABET SOUP

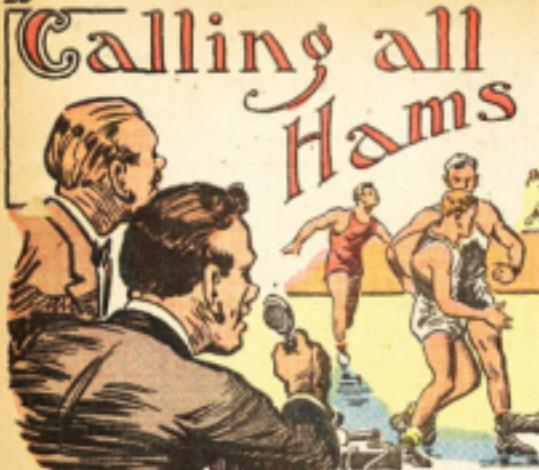


A	B	C	D	E
B	C	A	R	O
C	D	R	O	N
D	E	E	L	E
E	E	L	E	R

BRAIN TEASER

SOLUTION: Place your finger on the top penny in Column B. Swing the penny around to the bottom of Column B. Keep your finger on the penny and push up against the other three pennies in the column until the four pennies line up as you want them. Now follow the same procedure with Column D.

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE PUZZLES WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TREASURE CHEST

BY WILLIAM
J. GARITY

"**A**NY LUCK, Jack?" Tom Harragan queried his pal, Jack Cole, outside the grocery store where Tom worked. Jack had just returned from a job interview at a downtown radio station.

"No, just as we had expected," Jack answered tartly. "Mr. Trenner said that I don't know enough about radio, and he has no room for a beginner."

"You don't know enough about radio?" demanded Tom, indignantly. "Why, didn't Mr. Trenner, himself, use one of your scripts while we were at St. Benedict's? And didn't we put on two shows in one month for him?"

"Yes, Tom, but those were school debates," Jack tried to explain. "Mr. Trenner said that's amateur activity—and nothing like putting on regular shows."

"Jack, you're just the man Mr. Trenner needs—to improve his old radio station," Tom argued loyally. "Who ever listens to WPIX? Nobody! And why? Because the programs are the worst on the air."

"Maybe so, Tom, but Mr. Trenner still happens to be station manager," Jack said wearily. "I did try to tell him about the hobby contest we had planned, but I couldn't even get a word in."

The boys' conversation then turned to the basketball game, scheduled for that night. Neither of them would miss a game where St. Benedict's was involved—and this was to be the big tussle with South Side for the State

Championship. Only a year ago, their last at St. Benedict's, both Jack and Tom were on the team that lost to South Side. Tonight, they wanted an upset.

"I'll meet you at your house at eight bells," Jack promised. Tom, with a nod, went back into the store and Jack started for home. Disappointment at the radio studio had left him downhearted, but he would not admit that to Tom.

Since Jack was in grade school, it had been his ambition to break into radio. And much of what Tom had just said was true. People did not listen to WPIX. The station's programs were dull and had little to offer youngsters. Mr. Trenner had admitted to Jack that he neither understood young people, nor cared about them. Jack, brimful of good program ideas for young listeners, had tried to pump some new blood into Mr. Trenner, but to no avail.

That night, he met Tom as scheduled and, by the time they were within a block of the gymnasium, it seemed as if all Fairville was headed for the game. Just outside the "gym" entrance, they met Father Quigley, St. Benedict's athletic director and one of their best friends.

"Good evening, Father," greeted Tom, lifting his hat.

"Good evening, Father," echoed Jack. The boys took their hats off, as the priest stopped to talk. "It looks as if the whole town is here."

"Boys, we could have sold five thousand more, if we'd had enough tickets and enough room," Father told them, his face beaming. "It's too bad that you're not going to broadcast the game for us tonight, Jack."

Jack smiled. For Father was referring to Jack's write-up in the yearbook wherein the class had dubbed him "St. Benedict's own Bill Stern."

"It doesn't look as though I'll ever broadcast anything, Father," Jack said sadly. "But I guess we'd better get in while there's still room. I hope we run up a score, Father."

"I'm sure we'll try," answered Father, with a broad wink.

Even then, ten minutes before game time, the gym was crowded. As Jack and Tom edged their way to the section behind the St. Benedict's bench, their eyes were riveted on the six-feet-four South Side center, tossing the ball through the loop with ease as his team warmed up on the court. St. Benedict's rooters were impressed—but when their own team came out on to the floor, the rafters shook with cheers. Although St. Benedict's boys were smaller, they were faster—and they were out to win this game!

Tom was cheering and yelling, but Jack, suddenly quiet, was pulling his upper lip, a bad habit he had when in deep thought.

"Come on, come out of yourself," Tom nudged him. "This is a basketball game, remember? Forget that old radio racket!"

"Tom, Father Quigley just gave me a peach of an idea!" Jack beamed. "What about those five thousand who couldn't get into this game? If the game were broadcast, the five thousand—and the whole town—could hear it."

"Pipe dreams, brother!" Tom commented. "You know that Mr. Trenner would never spend the money to broadcast a basketball game. Forget it—and let's give the boys a little support."

"No, he wouldn't spend the money, but suppose we could record the game here and play it over the air later." Jack's face was a bit wry. "Of course, we'd need a recorder."

"Not a bad idea!" Tom agreed. "Jack! I know where there is a recorder. Fred Gannett's brother had it in the Marines. He was a com-

bat correspondent and used it for interviews right on the beachhead. It's small—and you could set it up right here."

"Let's go!" yelled Jack, as they jumped up and started out. Tom took one longing look at the court where the game was about to start.

"The biggest game of a decade, and I have to miss it just because I open my big mouth," Tom complained, goodnaturedly.

Fred Gannett was at the game, but his mother showed the boys the recorder. They tested it; it worked perfectly. The recorder was of the wire type which recorded sound on a strand of wire, using a regular hand-type microphone. The recording could be played immediately after it had been made.

"May we use the machine at the game for awhile, Mrs. Gannett?" Jack asked.

"Yes, boys, if you take good care of it," Mrs. Gannett agreed. "My son Edward used it at Iwo Jima—and he's proud of it."

The score was tied, 32-32, when the boys returned to the gym. The first half was over, with ten minutes remaining in the second, when Jack got down to the sidelines to set up the recorder. St. Benedict's boys were carrying the game with their fast attack and shifty, daring play.

Jack found the recorder easy to use and he held the microphone like a veteran. "This is Jack Cole in a closing-minutes account of the game between St. Benedict's Prep and South Side High, direct from the sidelines at St. Benedict's Gym," he announced, calmly, seated on the floor.

Tom, at the controls, admired his pal for the way he had tackled the job.

The game was anybody's. Only five minutes left—and the score knotted at 44 all! Jack knew



that a sports announcer must observe impartiality, but he found it difficult to control his enthusiasm for St. Benedict's. Three minutes—

two—one minute to go—and the score, 52-51, in favor of St. Benedict's, on a foul.

South Side called time out. Jack, now almost hoarse, turned the "mike" over to Tom for a summary of play and then held it up to record a St. Benedict's cheer. When play was resumed, Jack took over. South Side got the tipoff. A quick pass, a flip by the giant center—the ball sailed through the net, with seconds to go.

Then South Side tried to freeze the ball to prevent another score. As the precious seconds ticked off, the St. Benedict rooters were near collapse. The referee was ready with his whistle when Jimmy Greer, St. Benedict's forward, slapped down a South Side pass. He dropped back to midcourt, ready to shoot.

The stands were tense. A towering South Side player closed in on Jimmy, but he got the ball off—and the whistle blew. Higher and higher the ball sailed, then completed the long arc and swished through the net. The basket counted. St. Benedict's won!

Jack was speaking steadily into the mike, describing that last, perfect play. Tom made his way to the court, grabbed the bewildered Jimmy Greer and pulled him to the microphone. While Jack interviewed Jimmy, Tom scouted for "Red" Gebhardt, St. Benedict's coach, who was almost too happy to speak.

"What did you think of the game, Coach?" asked Jack, as he switched the mike up to Red's level.

"It was the finest high school basketball game I've ever seen," said the coach, a bit breathless. "I'm only sorry that all Fairville couldn't have seen this clean, well-fought contest."

"Thank you, Coach Gebhardt! This is Tom Harrigan and Jack Cole, signing off from the sidelines at St. Benedict's Gym, where South Side and St. Benedict's played for the State Championship. We repeat—St. Benedict's won, 54 to 53. Goodnight." Jack put down the mike and Tom snapped off the button. Then they slapped each other on the back.

The recording, they knew, might never be used, but it had been fun making it. Ignoring the curious crowd that had gathered, they packed up the unit, rushed out the door and

hailed Len Manning.

"Len, oh, Len! Will you give us a lift down to WPIX?" Jack asked, and Len waved them into his car.

Mr. Trenner was not in the studio, but the boys talked with Jim Hawkins, the chief announcer. When they had told their story, he ushered them into an idle studio, where they played the recording. When it was over, Jim clicked the switch and smiled.

"I'll put that right on the air," he said, "that is, if you approve."

"It's fine with us," Jack managed, stunned with surprise, "b-b-but what about Mr. Trenner?"

"I'll take care of Mr. Trenner. This is just what we need around here." And Jim rushed off to cancel the scheduled sustaining program. The boys hoped that Mr. Trenner would be listening.

The broadcast over, Mr. Trenner called the studio. He had heard it, all right, and, according to Jim Hawkins, he "was wild"—and he wanted to see Jack first thing next morning.

Although fearful of Mr. Trenner's anger, Jack was at the studio next morning. Mr. Trenner was, indeed, angry—not at Jack, however, but at himself for having been so short-sighted. He offered Jack a job recording city-wide news events—and Jack accepted.



"You'll need an assistant, too, so you'll probably want that friend of yours to help," Mr. Trenner added as an afterthought. "I'll order a wire recorder right away. And one thing more, Jack—I still maintain that you didn't know much about radio, when you were here yesterday morning, but I will admit that you learned a great deal in a day."

Jack, radiant, was hardly listening. For he was thinking of the fun that he and Tom would have as WPLX's roving announcers.

THANKSGIVING FUN

WHO GETS THE BIRD?



TRACE THE INDICATOR BELOW ON A PIECE OF CARDBOARD, PUT A PIN THROUGH THE CENTER AND SPIN IT. MOVE ACCORDING TO THE NUMBER NEAREST TO YOU WHEN IT STOPS. USE BUTTONS FOR MARKERS. EACH PLAYER STARTS FROM A DIFFERENT DOOR INTO SQUARE NUMBER 1, FOLLOWS THE NUMBERS IN ORDER AND MOVES TOWARD THE TURKEY.

A GAME FOR TWO

DESIGNED BY
VIOLET
MOORE
HIGGINS



PLAYERS MOVE ALTERNATELY. IF THE MOVE INDICATED BRINGS YOU TO AN INDIAN, OR A BEAR, GO BACK ONE SQUARE, TWO SQUARES FOR AN ARROWHEAD.

ONCE ARRIVED ON SQUARE NUMBER 20, THE INDICATOR MUST SAY 1 BEFORE THE PLAYER CAN WIN.

...interest
for everyone



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